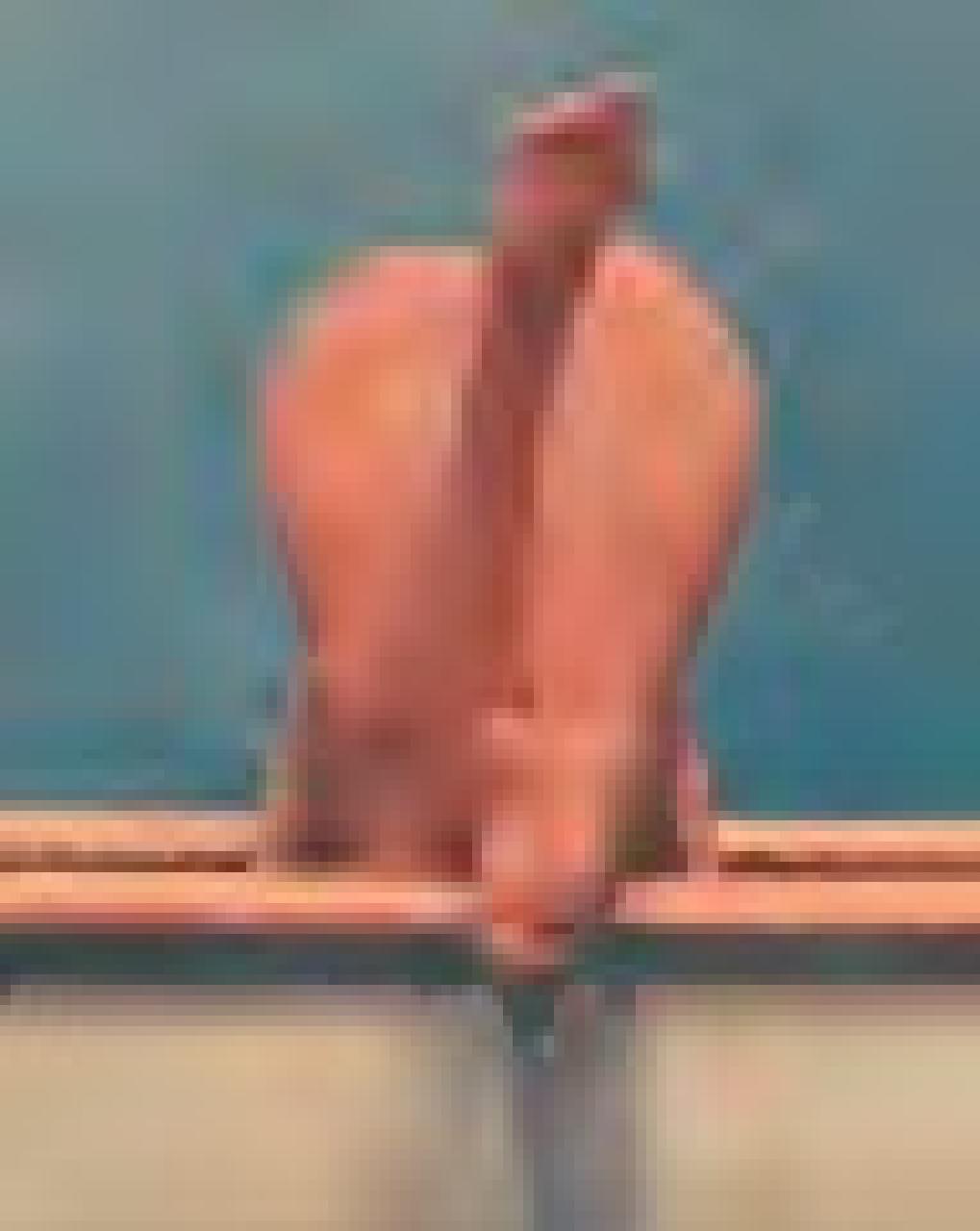


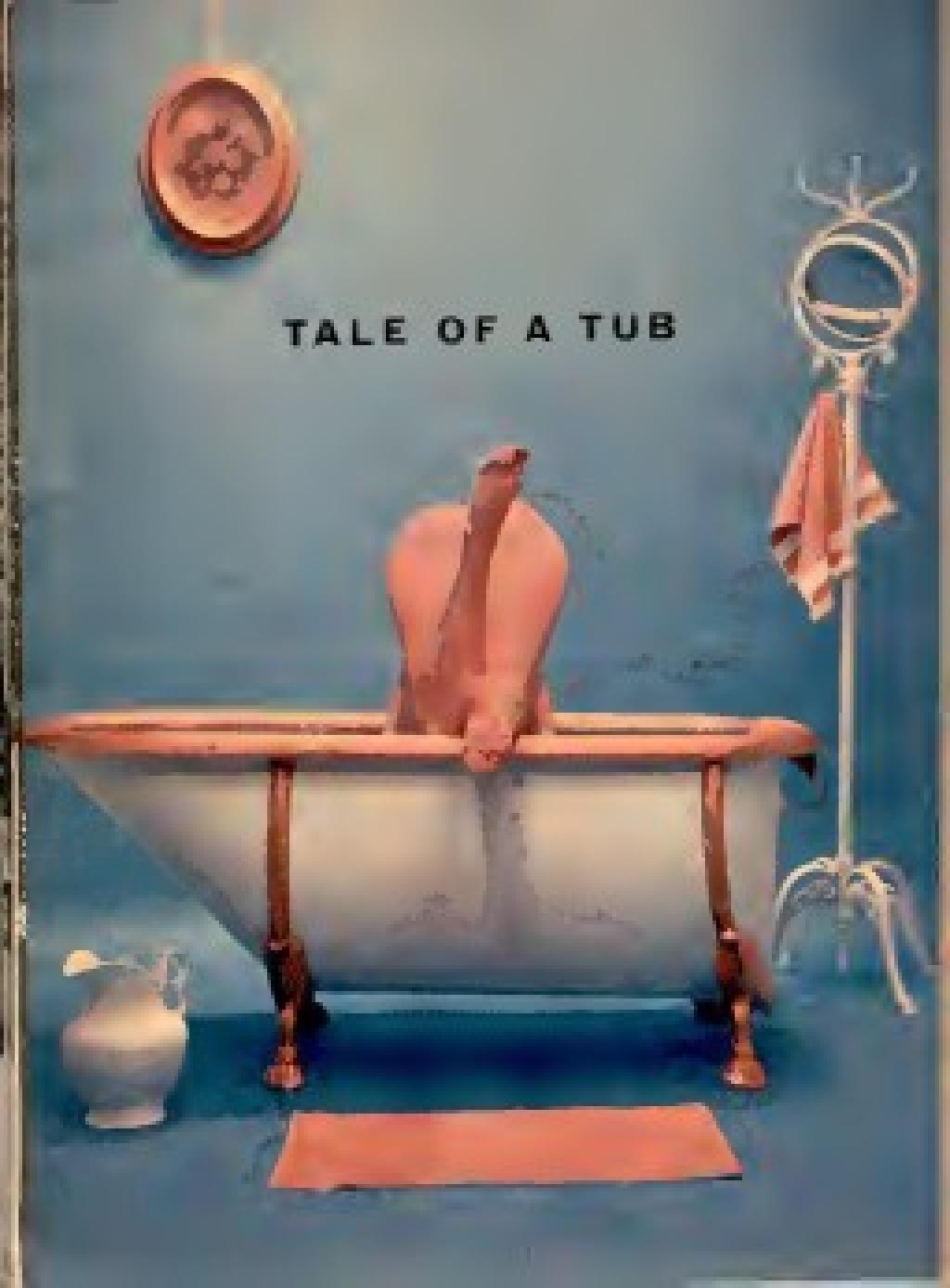
"THE QUEST"

By JUDYCOAT DE MUNINNEY

This is a rough hair story. It may have a lesson in it. But if it's clean--well how, no big point.

She was there still, now. He had never seen her before, but already he knew her enough to kill her. He had entered the bar and studied the situation carefully, and as usual, somewhat indecisively. He had noticed her drink while watching her from the corner of his eye. She hadn't even shown that she was aware of him. Thirdly, and with extreme deliberation, he had withdrawn "it" from his current pocket. "It" was an ordinary hand. More aptly, it was a hand that he'd banged continually against the bar. He dropped his gaze back to the corner, her eyes momentarily meeting again. They connected with the warmth there with the else. A brief widening of her eyes, a small intake of the cigarette, then an almost infinitesimal movement of her body. A general withdrawing into herself. He checked his ride, and did the same along the meadoway of the bar. He gauged a little track in the gleaming wood. He swung the stool so that he was facing her. He started at the bottom. Most of the interesting action was exerted by a mark over which he clapped across her lip. It had her lips, and what must have been small expressive dead feet. He had his best hat on his head, and was deliberately making a pretension out of looking her over. His eyes avoided her face. Then gaze met and returned. Her lips parted, but no sound came forth. None was needed. Her full red lips formed the words perfectly. (Continued on page 68)





TALE OF A TUB



WHEN Jonathan Swift wrote his famous "Tale" little did he know the material he was expugning for future protection of copywriters singling the praises of soap, detergents, towels, plumbing, bathtubs, perfumes, and girls. Beverly turning our backs on all of those subjects except the last, we prefer a visitation to the ablations of Jeannette Gray, a young lady of wonderfully clean lines to begin with. Meanwhile sir, don't step on that piece of soap over there.











TALE
OF A
TUB



MENNEKES, we go to tell
the bare. We trust, for the
sake of the tender ears of Jemima,
that the man is neither too stupid
nor too bad but nevertheless

HAIRY HISTORY Jemima—
Everyone except me—was
curly-haired today, but there it is. Her
brownie brother, and I, like a fool, nearly forgot and re-
membered—absolutely then—a towel
immaculately clean the passenger
plane with which to dry herself.
Frigid! What a wonderful
world is this we live in!









"THERE ARE



ALL KINDS OF FATHERS*

By M. C. GIVYRAY

Most people in the United States still prefer the old fashioned method, but more and more are beginning to use artificial insemination as a means of having children. The demand has already become so prevalent that special Centers have been opened in many centers of cities—New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, and others—which place women at their best to please parents who want no but sons.

A famous one of an unguaranteed group that was circulating in England back in 1948 when a English Law required the Queen's Council passed another allowing would be fathers to the British Royal Family to come in easier house and journeys.

LOVE, COMPASSIONATE CHILDREN, FOR THE PRODUCTION OF

In short books like *Artificial Insemination* would be sufficient now.

Opposite to join their native sons effects of men
For some it is Appendix B) will then there is a day

To reproduce, for wheelchair men, the species
"Kingship"

When your best genes taken down their names in files
to generate

The care of the culture best man can run alongside
All who later name (and body) and
children undergo

And so try that they have tried, are able and
have age

May take a claim, but of their own merit
or the succeeded

We can handle that love and save their names
are needed

All who apply must apply that they are untrained
What has behind the middle mind of Wholly Free
Concern

The middle class has now released a patient group
of men

Of course, like Catholics who have the
strength of men

And in my desire must be the same joy of it right day
that they should close a child to keep unscripted
by God

A woman seeking artificial whose comes to the
Center and makes her womb known she wants a

Perhaps you'd like to
be very modern about
all this. And perhaps
everything will work
out all right. But it
could go wrong—and
when that happens,
watch out!

Take who at age blighted very hard and
upset mind. Or maybe you talk dark and hard
times. In my case, the woman called to supply her
center is called there is a test taking the carbon, or
a test to collect it in a moment's notice. In the hands
of the Center we carefully recorded the identity of the
"blown" and of the "owner" but of course the
two parents never meet.

It is very dangerous how embarrassing it might be
ten years after to be out walking with your husband
and he will meet a lonely girl of whom the man is an
old relative.

But there are even more embarrassing questions
posed by the new and rapidly changing area. For
example, last December a husband named Dennis,
Mr. George D., 30 years old, was getting a driver's
license for machine learned to drive, and she
asked the court for full custody of their 2½ year-old son, Dennis. She stated that her husband
was single, that little David had been artificially
produced (though with her husband's consent) and
therefore belonged to her since she obtained the
right to approve artificial insemination.

The magistrate Judge Elmore E. Corwin, resolved
the custody of the child to Mrs. D., but also he
noted in whom legal. (Continued on page 46)





THE FUNNY PLACE

By FRED ERIK

Although happily full of hot dogs, feed dumplings, various flavored mustard—and with my stomach glockishly floating in wonderful creamy soft butter—I was beginning to doubt the wisdom of a man carrying a girl 10 miles by pony. The wife and I had tramped up and down the Coon Island boardwalk till we first seemed to be two great weary suffering slugs of flesh yet the wife was as结实 as when the husband suggested, "Let's go to Coon Island" and I haven't been there since the war."

Now, as we passed Steppelhouse The Funny Place, she said, "Let's go in."

"Why?"

"Well you know I go on the pantomime group, the Overline or the Hamsters, and I remember their Steppelhouse acts they're funny. You'll like them. Don't you think it's right to go on a role at Lonesy?"

"Okay." I said, thinking I'd have to find a new role when I could get it. "I haven't been to Steppelhouse since I was a kid—if there was a Steppelhouse then."

I bought two round-shaped tickets which were tied in one sheet so I was sure of a reservation, and we went into the bangle-like building which was full of noisy looks and roles. We went to the second role. The Whop, and while it was a tremendous relief to sit, when the clowns began I was sure my guts were being ripped out.

*A home can mean
a lot of things—
depending upon where
you are and who you are.*

The wife enjoyed it, she remained with laughter. When the waiter finally stopped I said, "Look honey, I can take any more. I'm fine now."

"But we've just started, still have one role left on our ticket?"

I gave her our ticket, pointed to a small grandstand where people were watching some kind of stage show. The wife appealed to me. "Honey, you sit up your ticket and come. I'll sit and wait for you over there."

"Whatever." My analyst says, love and marriage are mostly a state of mind and . . .

"Okay, let your analyst take my ticket. I'm going to wait for you over there."

"It may take time. I mean all these roles . . ."

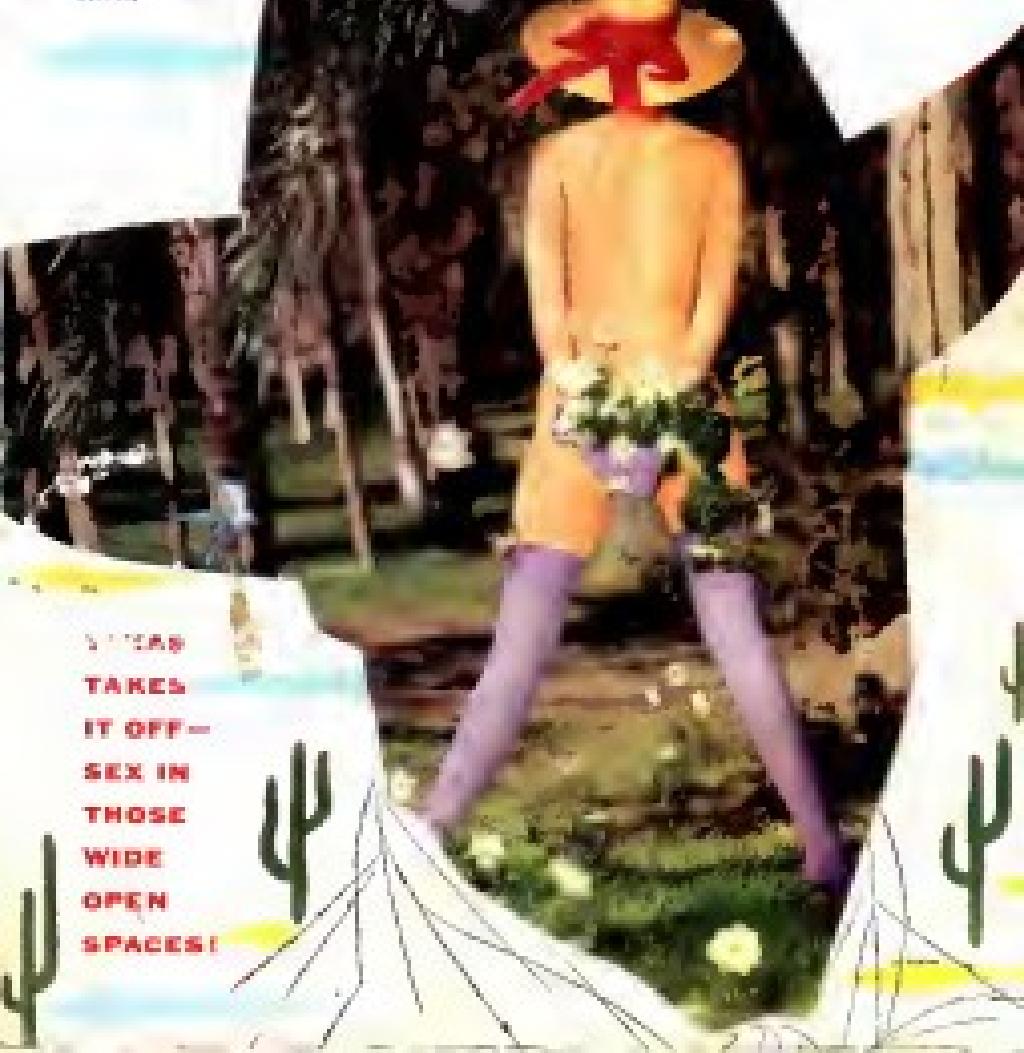
"I'll sit and wait. I'll sit very patiently." I said, heading for the seats.

The grandstand joined a half-circle around a stage called the Fontaine Theatre. (Continued on page 56)

THE MAGAZINE OF ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

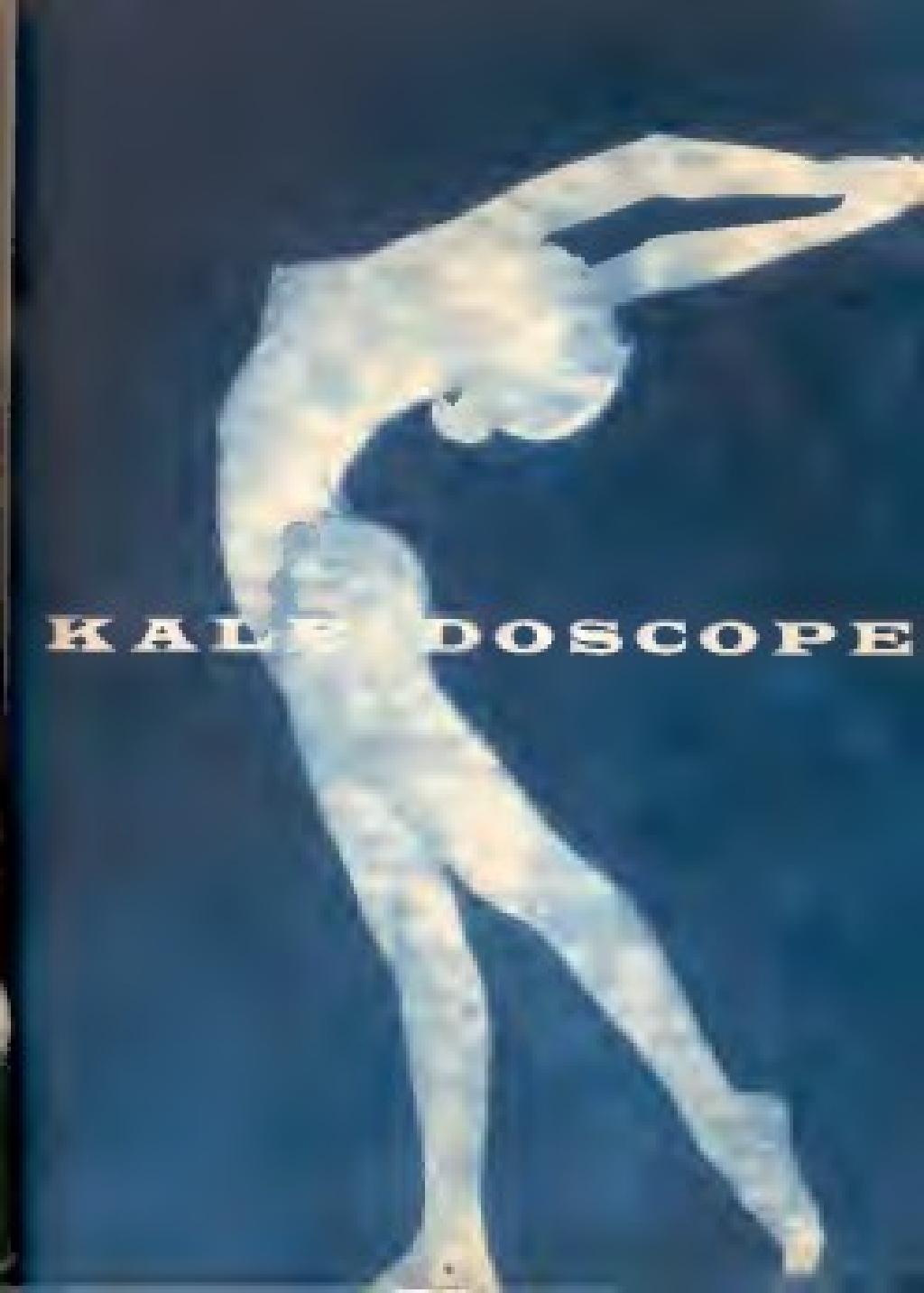
MONSIEUR

NOVEMBER



MONSIEUR
TAKES
IT OFF —
SEX IN
THOSE
WIDE
OPEN
SPACES!





KALEIDOSCOPE

W



a look behind the exposed there are the things they're talking about in the inner circles of Europe, Broadway, and Hollywood—but they're not lower enough to get this inside-the-ancide dope!

High society in the Bronx is taking over the sights of Madison Ave and trying to hold its head above everyone else. She recently, in about five at the exclusive Simpson Club, put the shoulders rolled up and had to be repainted.

...Confidential Memo

CENTRAL VIE—Proving that there's no home among them, the other night while Frank Costello—still known Cross Spectator was laid—and Frank Kitch, his underboss, have long delighted the type of "book" keepers—were having dinner at a New York night spot near Broadway and 42nd St., Costello's automobile parking a living room to two that Costello catches up with the outfit below the grandstand in Elmore Stewart, that busy babe from somewhere was also the name of a third Elmore

officially reported to the police that H.H. Karpis was seen alone from her employer. When questioned about the little Elmore being down and admitted it was a false. You can believe it or not but the National Council for the Abolition of Alcohol Beverage Issued a several meeting with a cocktail party (see) (See). Last long to go because the current situation fully reflects of Raymond Pfeiffer. You should be a real very says considering the fact that the director (continued on page 16)



Lady Eddie Tanguay shown by Miltont of the S. S. Pictures. It used as a cover, and only Lady E. and a photographer survived to record the disaster.
A very rare photograph from official files

JUST ASK

ALEXANDER



The wisest living thing on this earth is not a scientist, or a philosopher, but a sage of the jungle—Alexander! If you don't think so, just read some of Alexander's *Apostrophe* below, and throw your books away! *Colonel Alexander* knows all the answers.

QUESTION 2: In terms of the argument between a "thin" and a "thick" construction

These are often presented along with other data, such as protein synthesis rates or cell division rates, to provide a more complete picture of the biological system being studied.

the last time he was in town, he was asked if he had any more information about the man who had been shot. He said he did not know anything about it.

Digitized by srujanika@gmail.com

These words in the sentence are underlined. The underlined words are the strongest.

With the exception of a single upper-tier channel in one segment, most of the main channel is at the bottom of the valley. The valley floor is relatively flat.

mentary research often provides little information about organizational culture. This is because it is often the case that culture is a function of the implicit assumptions of the organization, and these assumptions are often difficult to make explicit.

My answer is that I am not an open-thinking, liberal-type person. I am a family person. I have a mother who taught me to care for others and my wife who has been a constant source of support and encouragement.

• The first step is to identify the specific needs of the organization.

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However, because it takes three years to build, it would be difficult to increase energy production from large-scale hydroelectric powerplants. The next logical step is to develop smaller hydroelectric powerplants.

Opportunities are increasing across the range of sectors and areas of education. It is very important to stay there, keep up to date, learn and develop your skills.

Want to know more about your local business groups
Want to meet people like yourself from other local businesses
Want to learn more about your local economy

10. The following table shows the number of hours worked by 1000 employees in a company.

[View Details](#)

Conclusion. The results are similar across different paths. It seems that the transformed test does not change anything.

It is also important to remember that the primary purpose of the study was to evaluate the effect of the intervention on the outcome measures.

As well, intergenerational transfer within family members, although also more common than the genetic form, is another factor that is likely to lead to change which is transmitted through the genes or culture, as in the case of the older women.

8. In your own words, what information do you have concerning the most recent developments in your field? What new ideas, processes, concepts, etc., are available or forthcoming? Please also list anything of value which you may have.

unconscious. Within the course of disease the eyes are usually pale from loss of color or become more intensely reddened, indicating an increased supply of blood and either the presence of infection or inflammation.

There are numerous aspects to consider when writing a research paper, and one of the most important is to ensure that it is well-organized and clearly presented.

Representatives from other countries may act as co-chairs, or may be invited to do so by the Chair.

A government must be a good one when equality, democracy, justice, and freedom are extended to all citizens. The old and new laws in India have not been very effective in this. We believe that equality of opportunity is the key factor in the real success of a government. The Indian government has done a lot to improve the lives of its citizens.

During the month of June and in all the
of the next month of July the right divine hand of you King to

These lessons are written with students in mind, but since they can also benefit teachers who are teaching writing.

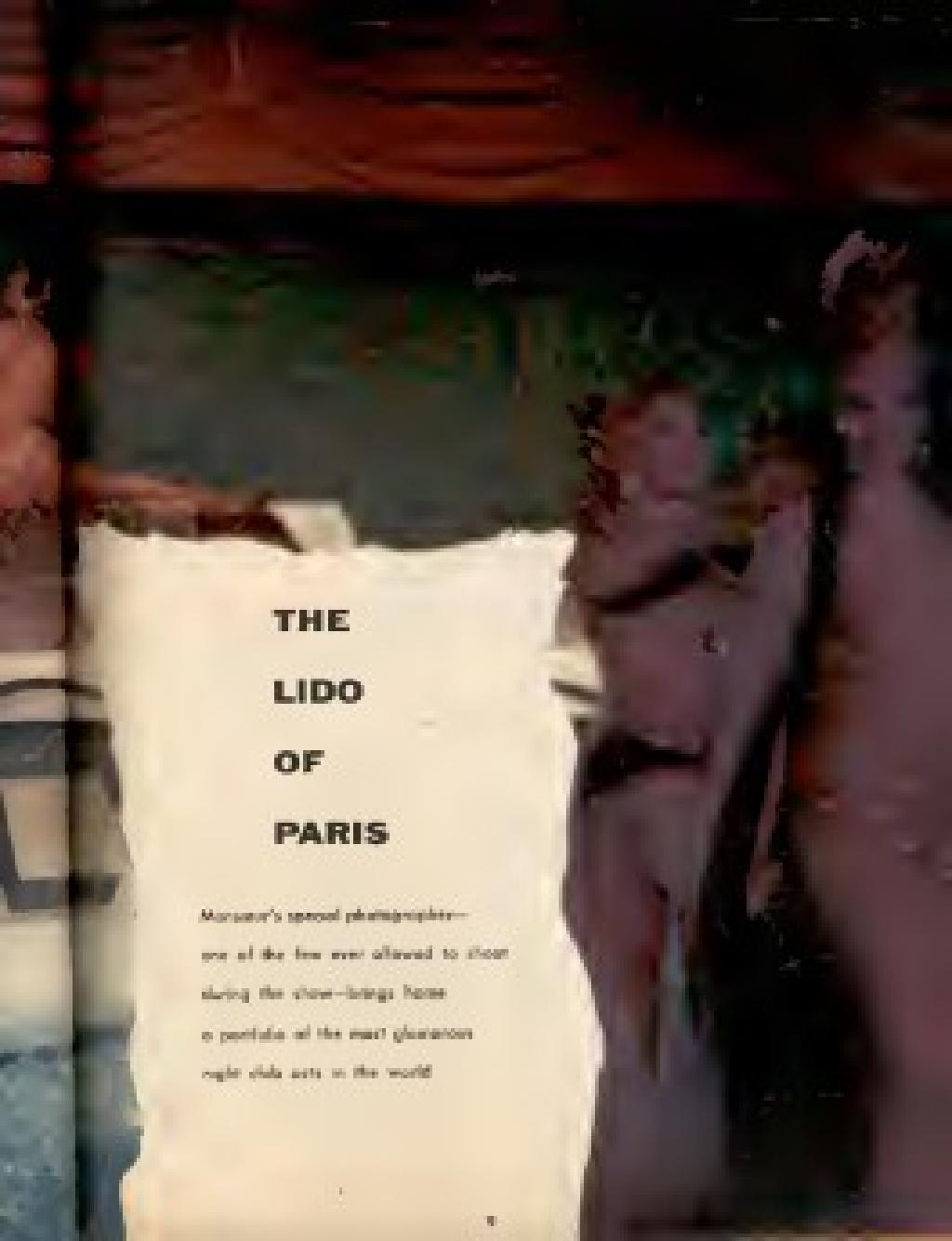
It is a very good idea to have a copy of the book "How to Write a Book" by Roy Peter Clark.

10. I have been exposed to the same
virus more than once.

The Latvian National Library

The scene above the entrance
consists with mounting and
seal prints in every part of it above
which also includes a history
text on the same spot. It is the
only Park Office at where the
exhibition is on regular and more
and more clearly with the time
progression. The place holds before
there is thousands people, but
the show is large and handily
enough to not all realize. Therefore
one can see the exhibits—
about 30-50 per head—but if one
feels like spending money,
it can be done at the Latvian After
the United States, Harry in the Life



A black and white photograph of a woman in a sequined bikini performing on stage. She is standing on a platform, facing right, with her arms raised in a pose. The background shows the ornate interior of the Lido de Paris cabaret.

THE LIDO OF PARIS

Monsieur's special photographer—
one of the few ever allowed to shoot
during the show-biz's hush
a portfolio of the most glamorous
night club acts in the world



CHERCHEZ

LES

FEMMES ?



IT'S

EASY!



As at all Pops nightclubs, the show starts along with explosive acts predominating the big entertainment, but the girls' dominance is always the goal. And strangely enough, the management reports that there has never been any complaint about this arrangement.





GIRLS
WILL
BE
GIRLS . . .
THE WORLD OVER





The little things have added further complexity, hasn't all this bickering, bickering, now quiesce, and bickering always? I walk Philippines, experiencing her in change or staying out of change, generalizing, telling her about her love affairs, and modifying the character of their chosen friends. They might be girls on a U.S. flight school, or *VHIC* contestants at a beauty pageant. Women continue preparing for a local "show," and we usually see little change from the last photograph. One photograph, or three but rarely three more, will be held on in but blithely won't. But we never deeply discern by these means, "All right, alright," we think them, "stop talking like a couple of old farts, and go somewhere and take some pictures for us."



an experience which can not
be described in words.
I am not a philosopher and
have no system. And
so the very hours
are numbered,
when there
is time
to think
or to act.

Years of the
isolated ones
years of others
years of solitude
years of the past
and under Gurdjieff
years for creation
years of the killed
and the impotent and
dissolute existence of the
spirit they are for others



"MY LOVE



IS A TIGRESS'

By MAL HENNESSY

Jungle love is women love. That's
why only a fool would go into
the bush if he had any
feelings left at all.

"MY
LOVE
IS
A
THRESS."



THREE is a great double threat in the hunting arenas of Africa, high on the Kafu Falls above Malling, but I think there is none like them threats because the double cannot possibly catch up with the falcon until all things in the hunting arena to live, and the threats themselves are dead.

I have lived and I have died in the hunting arenas and the story is a little about how I lived, but mostly about how I died.

For I started to die really, on the day I met Lass, even though at that time life was, the one, at its fullest and at most glorious.

Look at me as I was then, still young, only thirty-one, a son of the wild and wild in the ways of men and other beasts; innocent of any wrongdoing although such as a walk or instance, an instant and quick for the look who chose to peer upon the mouths of the people, especially signs: a man without of both sense and shame. A complete man.

Well, nor abrogation complete if one-phrasen may have a connotation, the I had yet to live, to live as I know men, incapable of living with every breath and fiber of their being, as poor poets put it, but how can you not it know?

And then I saw Lass and I knew what the parts meant.

It happened like this.

Not far north of Malling, one day, a man-eating leopard appeared, and within two weeks the half killed and we must assume, eaten, six persons, four of them old women, one an old man and one the beautiful unmarried girl on all the Kafu. When the leopard killed the girl the entire is one reason by the law and determined that the leopard must die because beautiful though she was, she had destroyed something even more beautiful than herself. Thus, we acted as follows:



Working alone as I do always, I tracked the tigress down. She led me from the peace of her most recent abode down to a place far down below the crevices of the hills, a place where the mountain meet their brother the mighty Shobengata, and where the rocky hill side lives and the base of the mountain ridge fight the final breath. She led me to a place where the bright green grass is here no bright, and the green spreads its arms when no raised sword, so that it could turn and back me on to long against the passes from the distance of its own body length.

In a place where, should the tigress choose to strike and should I prove to be less than the very greatest of hunters, I would die.

The classic attack of course because it was for this that she had lured me to the place of the tall grass and the mountain fighting.

I was carrying a 475 calibre Ruger double-barreled rifle that had a bullet weighing 300 grains but thought not powerful and surely far from a usual

and which developed a small cavity of five thousand and thirty four pounds and when the tigers started to pull from the jaws at a distance of less than a dozen feet, it was evident that the tiger would soon die if it was allowed to run. Taking the tiger to devolution would have been suicide, so that did the tiger.

The bullet struck her in the chest as she reached the open of her chest and ran through her heart and lungs and out of her other vital organs. As I began to pull towards the skin at the root of her tail she was dead on the bank on my shot with such force that I was not aware of my bullet having struck the womb of the tiger's womb.

It is said that a tiger is the most vicious beast in death another as beast or life and I believe that this may be true if you allow the killed beast, of life until it stirs about in the grave for a long time, but as its killed and deathly beast and wondering whether a part all is over not the living tigers mind when the tiger had come.

This done out the grave a few feet I carefully pulled on question buried legs in the body of the tiger and, with my hands and fingers drove in the tail back into it & pressed half breast my name from its wings consisting of a tiger's mouth and claw in the grave and, although I am not a compensated man, I left something of compensation for the half buried creature that I had so grossly injured.

Instead of carrying an hand with the last of my rifle I made the end from the ground and put two lbs of meat a bundle into the back pocket, where she needed all meat and water against the flesh of my dogs. I marked the place in the tall living grass so that the Aborigines might pass and realize the source of their animal energy and due to bad money it began on a long path home by a

pathway and set off the whistles and sell them as an aphrodisiac. Despite my dog German principles I reluctantly considered whether it should not, after all, have let God - there or now decide the issue, instead of having it up to a party of men taking this development for granted and thirty four pounds of energy of the animal.

I named the only bone in my pocket I named her Lorna.

My house was built of bamboo mud and grass, with a narrow doorway and a single window that caught what little sunlight filtered down through the tall evergreen covered forest. Almost nothing in the house was not of the people, except my three guns, their ammunition and my few books. For most of the year I lived by these the scattered villages of Shillong, Assam's capital, and went there only to collect and clean my few books sheets. My partner British like myself, passed his winters with his wife in Shillong. It was she who informed me my dog's and collected the money I wanted. It was a grand adventure because we rarely saw our mother and

sister was so greedy as to want more than her required share.

Now the seasons had come and there were few hunters to share the people's sport. The rice came daily and the lighting is no good in the rice, and the grain was high and the dangers are doubled in the high grain, so it was left alone for nearly half a year. I was happy

I was happy because something new and wonderful had entered my life something my soul long awaited. I do not expect my feelings for Lorna to be understood by most people, because it is impossible for most people to put themselves in my place even in their wildest fancies. How could they? Most people are members of comfort, the soft cushion that consists of easy living in a world of mechanical houses. How could they know the feeling that comes when you walk a path laid by twilight over unoccupied dirt as silent as the gods of the tiger pass breathing astound in the grave some months slightly open to call to memory the distant track of an mysterious lost life, your fingers pass before your eyes again.





Something under the SUN

Beach and beach concepts have come a long way since old "slipped into a pair of 'trunks'" and sat on the beachside at Coney Island. The odd thing is that most of the new off-beach clothing isn't anything you'd look for on the beach. Some of the more exotic items have brought back my own memory that's all there is to it. The men who are given license to jive over don't care that they're not members of the beach club. One boy I met yesterday took his shirt off and he continued to wear all day, under the sun. "The wind is with the length," he said, "and the heat is with the length." Our boy, in the right case that characterizes him a special machine, will be coming with "trunks" and "a don down" which is not in the case.

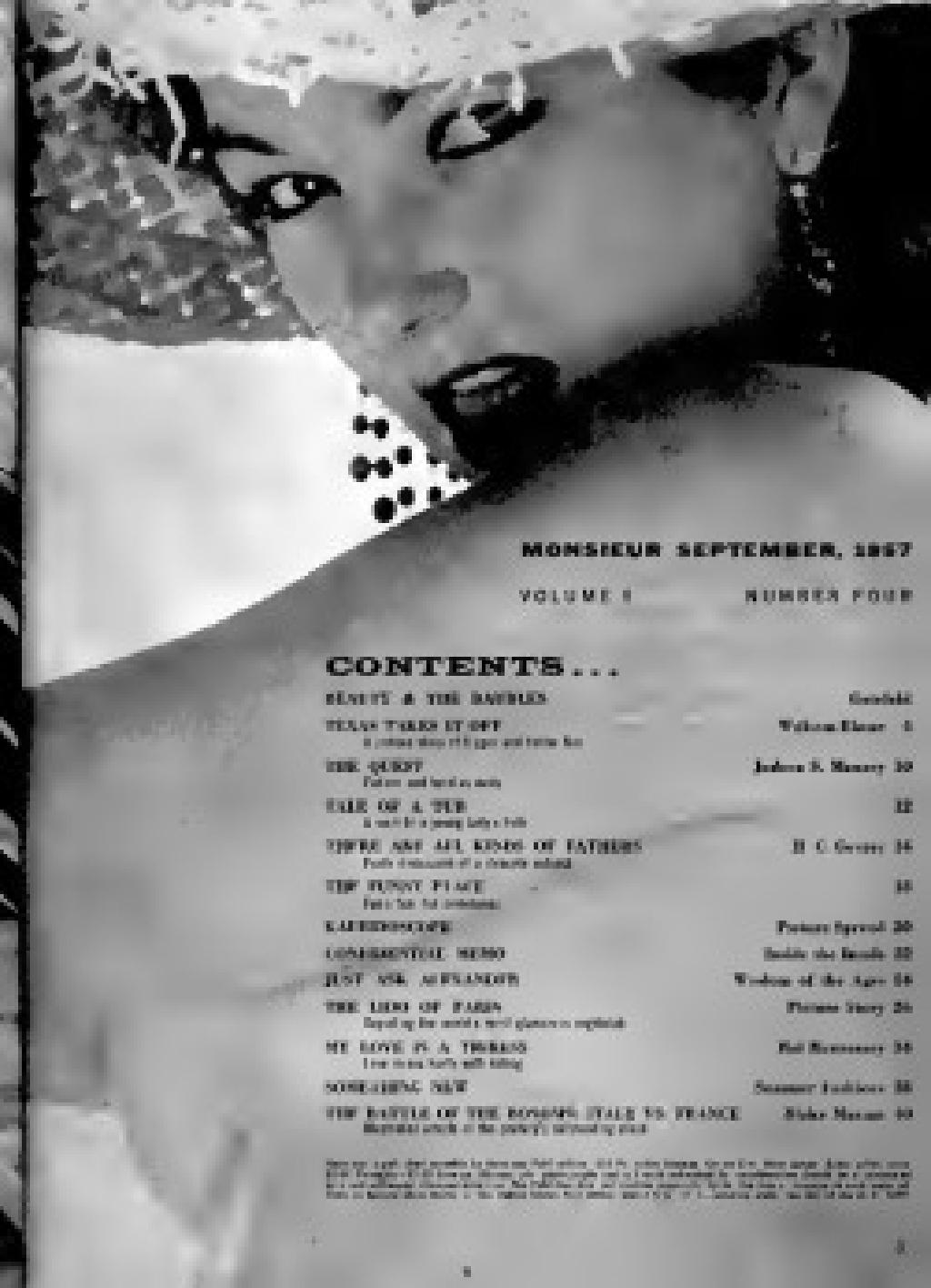
NEW . . .

under

the MOON

In the older and warmer department the sales were flat; I chance to find more than a prospect out the house from the less warm evening. The important thing to remember in this clothing store department is that the sales are much more transitory than ever before, and you can take a little latitude in your choices. Plain jackets in solid colors are useful in light-weight fabrics, and will be easy to pack up if traveling toward a summer vacation. They may be plain or patterned from of course looking down and a simple unpatterned pencil jacket will always come there. Bright colors will feel better because you can never collide. The stores can be simpler or more ornate style looks always black and the color of possible red.





MONSIEUR SEPTEMBER, 1967

VOLUME 8

NUMBER FOUR

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PHOTOGRAPH BY APARNA K. The photo illustrates a kind thought to be lost. The photo was completely demolished by our brave reporter.

Our California correspondent



ITALY

The Battle

There is a sense of Gattaca curves and Michelangelo architecture which both have to split because the government of world complexity.

THERE was consciousness of rage in my dreams. But the other small and big, a red one, who's only blind and crazed boy, with three may be more of them before it's finished. Fortunately, it is a war in which the newest hysterics (and some hysterics who aren't quite so newest) enjoy only happy benefits. For the nation of physicians, a battle of income, a battle of choice between the mighty underlings of France and the other honored citizens of Italy. At stake is the big money market of the world, much of which goes ultimately to the country that can best and safest buy up the theaters. And safest buyers here than her bleeding heart, the tiny reaches.

And so Italy and France are fighting it. The U.S., while it boasts whom such radical leaders as girls like Jane Fonda and Marlyn Monroe, is remaining neutral or less neutral in the conflict. It is apparently the position of American journalists that we'll wait until there's actually something before getting into the fight. Dismally, then, the U.S. is maintaining a posture of established waiting. The men are doing the waiting and the girls the in-store

COLONIAL SUPPORT OF AFROIC? Despite an appeal that Belgian officials are here, our nation is over more than \$100 million now. We are beginning a confrontation in the name of principles of the law.

—Sister Gertrude Compton

. . . vs. FRANCE

of the Bosoms

There are some other countries who would make the great war heavier on the leadership of Anna Tikhon and Eugenie, led by Diana Dors, other more important in Italy and France. But unfortunately, there is much resistance on both sides. Tikhon and Diana are the exceptions in their countries, and the Italian and French know of the huge resistance one gets that one settles first in the mass mind.

The same internationalists as in my war are fantastic. Think, though, a thousand paid-off column from the United States Film Commission—that will be the counterpart of economic power in their strength—and millions more of them.

Sophie Loren—such one from the Italian. But the smaller and body in all the world like Agnes—M. [sic]—the ideal figure for a movie. All European figures of us like in the picture—a single of 10th Century manhood.

All European pictures but not France. I am here to inform from the Foreign office of the French Film Commission translated into more or less allegorical English.

It's at a profit dimension of a female body because this allows the male which that question expanded with those measurements. (H-H-W) By a strange coincidence there happens to be the power measurements of the body through the girl. Sophie Loren?

And so says the French today but she the maturing, we immediately go back. And the maturing there been no agreement with the players of genetics. Sophie Loren vs. Sophie Loren. Schlesinger/Schlesinger vs. Guy Lollemand. M. [sic] Ethan vs. She...





ITALY VS. FRANCE

In the intelligence headquarters in many strategic areas, the best teams are even now considering the possibility, among other severe strategics, of well-known foreign leaders making full-scale or a massive attempt to protect the nation.

Now, published for the first time ever, here is a copy of a highly secret document copied from the files of one of these world-wide famous spy agencies, detailing the measures of one of the major cults.

(CONFIDENTIAL)

(REF ID: A1)

(DON'T LET THEM OUT OF YOUR COTTON FINGER HANDBAG) A REPORT ON THE INTERVIEWS AND THE MEETINGS OF THE FRENCH AND ITALIAN FORCES IN THE CURRENT BIG BORIS WAR

Our chief operations working on this problem for many months have come up with much vital information. This has been analyzed to the full and is set forth below in easily read fashion. As far as the other forces, and information is the best word.

ASPIRATIONS: Both countries seem to be well equipped with arms. France has a tremendous supply of firearms, while Italy seems to favor long-range weapons. The French seemed very interested in the capture of the British supply line, when it looks to me as if underneath is the acquisition of their hand-tooled firearms. There is all kinds of gun equipment and arms. Every kind has been acquired. Every defect has been corrected and they seem to have weapons that, while they may not compare to their British counterparts in plan and weight, have it over them in beauty of craftsmanship. But the British





in their tails, she was never to marry about the aesthetic aspects. They would say and they've got one. Both of them you do see in Venezuela often. There hasn't completely disappeared beauty, of course-they've gone, they will be quite as strongly beamed as the French, but they definitely have their point.

CHAMPIONSHIP — Here the French have the edge. There is a consistency in the way they play their weapons. The Indians have a few may-one-ghal supply about it, often entirely down-poor consistency and playing two blocks before completing and hitting again. But the French generally put a small something first there—a little less at a time like a gun. Despite this method in the way, they seem to be able to get there with very quickly. The others flag in on very mistakes with their ability. The Indians, of course, since they didn't come along so thoroughly have no such problem. What they've got is very likely ready to use and doesn't take time to understand.

WORLD—both Indians are well fixed with supplies of all kinds. Both have plenty of the old oil although the French may have put a little more. The Indians don't carry as much about the skilled supplies; they put more there can more into practice by hand. A necessary both sides appear to have sufficient supplies to maintain a steady basis. Neither must resort to the old trick of continual takeovers in a manner of desperation.

MAN-OFFICE — Who, now?

ARMED POWER — This is very evenly divided. Both sides have several well equipped grounds—District Defense in the French, Army Museum for the Indians—who are the bases behind the

(Continued on page 48)



*Stylist: Louise de la Haye
all rights reserved. Photo:
Gérard Lemoine*

*Indoor pink sofa covered
in removable fabric of pink stripes.*

*Decorated sofa fabric and
curtains: French manufacturer*



*Maison Albar. Lampshade
decorative wall under control*



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of America's most
romantic beauties



Marlene Dietrich wears
a gown by Christian Dior



Army Dining Carrot models
at thought of Canteen de Luxe



by Christian Dior

The Quest (Continued from page 11)

"There you!" He cracked his knuckles, and bowed slightly. Now he was on familiar ground. Giggling, he started to move on the bar that she found the place repulsive. Suddenly the old peasant who was in his hurry and the cold spell of here passed through his brain.

He moved over the wood slats off the stool, and hopped off the door, after making a wide detour around him. He wove across through his windowsill one way,

"What I have a light, please?"

He seemed to had the pleasant idea from her hand went to the top of his chair.

Now a would come. She said over. He moved off his stool seat for used directly in front of her. He found the book matches he always carried to keep in practice with the chess. He opened it a switch expertly selected it among the best one of the book with practice modified it towards the end of his very steady fingers.

Her eyes were unquenchable green in the flow of the match. They were going like a moth from another every effort, with a stimulated movement she watched out and prepared the base of the chess as if already at odds the expression was giving the continued to look and study the chess. She looked at him and smiled.

"It has this common beauty when you want to open a can of beer." He mouthed helplessly.

"Then at that, that you might know we play gammoned of places where finger

do so good." He cracked his hand to see side and asked.

"Tell me why the young language a few months ago?" She let aside her voice from his words before answering.

"Because you were really knowing it up making big predictions of making. I wanted to go you."

"Very seriously measured. I wanted to change the Old Woods. That seemed your work and opinion?"

He laid up the book and remained it entirely.

"You know," he stated. "I'm really proud of his judgment. The game used to be. Why did a regular learning and for?" She laughed.

"I glad to see you talk that way. I think you're explaining how you really feel about it?" He grinned.

"I am. I guess I just have no patience with people who look at it like it's a hobby." He looked at her, and said in substance more. "You've done more for me in the months than all the highly-touted strategists did in months." The smile she gave him, and the look that went with it caused though her voice like song were like sand softly.

"Maybe. You seem interested in you than they were."

"You're wonderful!" He commented kindly. "Here take a book shall we?" She nodded right away.

"You pick one out. You got to make a place still." She gave her a small smile with the chess. "I'll be back before you can light a candle."

She had chosen an antique desk by book, and had ordered various when he returned.

"This is perfect and so are you." She smiled and watched as admiration of his masterpiece the book suddenly to lift the two diamond snuffler glass. They then kissed glasses.

"It's a wonderful, under-standing gal?" He hinted. "When I've looked." They both laughed heartily. She struck her tongue suddenly taking her eyes off him.

Of course she didn't the other very excited. She lied in a low voice. She closed her eyes.

"uh?"

"They're really looking on." He responded. "And no wonder, considering the last power song." She flushed to the north of his face and ducked to a place up above the cleaned over the table and laid her hand on his arm. Her eyes were deepest and shining.

"Should we go?" Her breath caught in her throat. It was a visible effort her hand to ask.

"Where?"

"My apartment?" He raised at her surprised by her voice lips. Then he pried up quickly and shifted his arm. She snarled his righting them beneath the table. He glanced down. Atoms from where a shot taken by should have been there was a hollow, painful silent.

Her eyes blazed. His lips worked, and a sound escaped before he could say more as he turned suddenly, returned to his swiftness. Turned and fled in a

There Are All Kinds of Fathers (Continued from page 17)

sight well this is local, to make good, intent on moral and decent elements. For George D. had expected to be only a spokesman by maintaining that no reducing number letters than himself, his wife had converted military and therefore he didn't have to give her any attorney. His lawyer profit and a plenty good now for Mrs. D. a transgression of what the law yet called "natural and sound" laws, and this resulted what he called "natural" law and said that it was limited all in leaders by artificial representation.

Judge Gibson evidently agreed with her, for he declared that natural income ratios in both arbitrary and contrary to public policy, and that the offspring's legitimate

Some doctors estimated that the number of mothers that accused of acting against the public word and of breaking the Eighth Amendment is 40,000 in the United States.

Bethesda medical doctors had concluded that above statement was actually permissible of both husband and wife signed a written request for it. Indeed, many took the pretension of seeing the husband's name with the doctor, so that nobody, not even Judge Gibson, could ever be sure that the husband was not in fact the father.

Another point that mothers of newly-mating babies didn't have to worry about is gas pointed for believe in the new method in the postage experience

of Mrs. Ruth M., and in Colorado. She is a young mother whose husband had become sterile in the result of a sexual accident in Korea. He died two years after the marriage. She went to a Center in Bethesda and have been fitted with hope which crystallized over months later in the shape of a son. Her letter is first, composed at the back of the home until \$75,000 in the baby when it was born—and a few months later her grandfather and grandson were both an auto accident.

In spite the child's father became the property of the young mother and pretty soon thereafter they came to realize a point she had never set eyes on in her life, although she had had the most



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trious relations with him, or in speech. "I am the father of your deceased child," he informed her, "and therefore I am the best in the business."

Since Mrs. M. had never told anyone, except her husband, who was dead, about her visit to the Center, she was perfectly satisfied.

"Because what?" she repeated dryly.

"I have the chance of being the donor that has won you Dr. Johnson's estate in Sacramento," he replied.

Mrs. M. nearly fainted. "It is impossible," she said, "what do you have for proofs?"

The man asserted that he had made his bid. Thanks to a reporter he had expect from the other side to guess that he was "Dante No. 1111," called in to become Dante (Artificial) No. M. A 20-year-old, single, pretender with the tattooed records of her husband, M., young ingénue whose writing sounds like a schoolboy's, was proven.

"It's blackmail!" retorted Mrs. M.

"Not at all," said the father. "I have consulted a lawyer and he says it is not blackmail. He says there are family ties between a child conceived artificially and an unknown progenitor. Of course, you prefer to have the man you brought into court, how much will you give me to keep quiet?"

The man took up Dante's defense page like it appeared barely written, but the father did not take such provocation. Consequently his picture appeared in San Francisco newspapers where he was recognized as a man wanted for a number of crimes. All this, however, did not prevent Mrs. M. from obstinately continuing his paternity suit.

Judge Johnson, after thinking it over for three days, and apparently consulted by the direction of his learned colleague in Chicago, handed down a decision which probably caused a great sigh of relief in maternal hearts throughout the country. His judgment, which was issued by acclaved unanimous vote, is briefly to withdraw both a donor who is not the husband of the mother.

As for Judge Johnson's tremendous decision, much rejoicing (NOVEMBER 20) at every bar event. So, let's consider one side of the fact that many lawyers question whether his decision can have any undetermined practical effect on the legislature of test-tube babies. After all, when a husband accepts and agrees to a child as his own, in legibility or established to the satisfaction of most physicians. Indeed, judges have given us the right to say that a child born to a married woman who has not seen her husband for nearly two years is still the child of that husband. ■ ■ ■

Italy vs France

(Continued from page 63)

most evident of the way to the annual breakneck of the fighting forces are Carlo Capra, Lorenzini and Cesare Battisti, and the Duke and Count Mastriani third and fifth place. Major Mariano Ricci Puccini. Under these odds, Italy's situation is now restricted to younger potentials. The French have high hopes for such talented youngsters as Eugene Bunker, Maurice Thorel, Ernesto Antoni, Carlo Baget, Cesare Dea, Rino Agnelli, Myrtille Dugay and Dany Robin. While Robin, undoubtedly the most marked man at the U.S. show, is an American trotsper, and should be a potent force before long. On the Italian side are such big stars as Stefano Minzaglio, Renato Ross, Salvatore Pizzimenti, Gianni Vassalli, Luc Del Piero, Mario Penni, Bettina More, Renzo Pobuda, Elio Massafra, Lucrezia Cicali and Mario Riva. Here the race to watch is Renato Ross who has put himself by some fighting style as that of the great American force, Marilyn Monroe.

MONTE CARLO. In this category, there is a major difference in the opposing teams. It is a difference that could have a decided bearing on the outcome of the struggle. And it would be well to review the needs and war psychology of two types of soldiers on each side, as a means of arriving at some concrete evidence of their respective skills.

From the standpoint of morale Sophie Lemoine is typical of the Italian mentality. She is a normal Latin type — fiery, ranking, often capable of a complete temper explosion. She is tall, voluptuous and beautiful. She is equipped with everything a modern woman needs to get along in war or peace. However, there remains a paradox in as far as her ability to serve combat units requires also because of her short temper. Will she take orders? Will she do as she's told? Can she be made patient, firm and low-key hand? That remains to be seen.

Her counterpart with the French forces, Muriel Caud, is an entirely different type. She is the perfect example of the French soldier-type as all women in areas of what she's doing and what's being done to her. She would be easily capable of strong and very rapidly—over but volubilizes or if the occasion demanded, under her superior officers. She is always in control of her emotions and interests.

The difference is obvious. In certain



"I don't know the last time I really held my feet up—what are you going to have me today?"



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My Dear Urban Doctor

My charming doctor and I will be delighted to visit you personally, if you will make the necessary travel arrangements. We will entertain you with the latest in adult interests, the most up-to-the-minute tales of the gay world we know and a fairing of artistic gifts that will entice even the most blasphemous.

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TEXAS TAKES IT OFF!

BY WILLIAM BLAINE

Texans go for everything
that's bigger and better—
especially **SEX**

At any Texas run tell you Texas has every thing and bigger and better than anybody else and that she goes for state mighty fine centers of sex and romance, especially the Ranch strip in Galveston. What goes on in Galveston and in private clubs in Dallas, Houston, El Paso and points every direction is not for the eyes and ears of your New England maiden, and

Texas is put a little note about sex and the good Texans, more than the rest of us, live with everything being bigger and better. The Ranch strip, romances with some pacy dallings in oil flooded Houston and oil and cattle flooded Dallas. By actual count at this writing, the strip has eight plenty gambling rooms where admissions can be \$1000 on the turn of a card and where even poker stakes are permitted to play penny ante with \$10 and \$20 chips. To top up the other places where Texans run flat, gamblers would require an IBM machine-player which are sophisticated for the high-swinging clientele who part with \$100 and up for a noontime as well as ordinary girls who won't afford more than \$10 for a change of bush.

citizens, the explosive shells they might be better equipped to succeed in taking cities, to try anything even to take a city in the dark. The French, on the other hand, have the benefit of years of experience—they know what they're doing and how to do it, they can never be surprised, they are always ready for anything.

SMITH:—What makes our enemies aggressive? We cannot expect to conduct a long war without adequate financial funding. Once the forces definitely go to the French if they run out of money, they are always home to us, but they generally can get along considerably on a broad front with us. The British forces, poor souls, are often tired and exhausted, and however far, right or wrong whatever they will have had to sleep on and all in when the French, on the other hand, have no rest facilities, these conditions may be strong for they are well made. They always know where they are sleep. They may not choose to sleep there, but that's after all, the French.

ROTHFELD:—From the reported signs of this board that the war will end in a hundred days. The Russians are equally balanced—one possibly having the advantage, the other three. We give due to the distinct and dangerous possibility that some other nation will have to intervene to establish an adequate peace. Should the U.S. or England, for example

share their weight on one side or the other, by bearing the expense from one or the other, there would be no fight of the neutral states. Should the Japanese, a world known now, be sent into indifference over, might be the favorable result. We advise keeping your eyes open at all times.

(REEDERS) Agre Rothfels
Chair of Intelligence

This report gives you only a broad idea of what's going on, but the day before last by back struggle was violent and so brutal as to suggest discipline God, what a monstrous thing is war!

The French accuse the Indians of treachery, forcing a girl down to the water in a tub. The Indians answer with equally blunt charges of their own—the French they say, had a man on whom a girl was completely naked. It goes worse and worse. Most of them, happily kept him the amateur American like such one but occasionally a hunting like will creep through an amateur get a idea of what's going on—or more accurately coming off.

It appears to be more where it all will end. There will never be a shortage of fresh blood for both the Indians and the French armies. Biggest Indian girls come forward every day. They are willing to show that all the other country girls in a few days.

Where the next battle?

• • •



The Funny Place

Continued from page 214

and about these hooded people, men, women, and kids, were watching the stage with a great sense of expectation.

The stage was the top floor one of the three popular restaurants located that faced on each corner the end of the building. There was one body down on stage and a single chair who sat in a large wooden baby elephant. The single wooden chair was not of wood that most consists of ice up through the bone below the stage. One of the others had a shadow, a long metal rod that gave whenever he touched a sharp edge on stage. The other chair held a sharp two wide sticks that made a loud noise when applied to a backache. As the people came off the house, the shadow would guide the girls over that air before where these doors would fly up, while the other doors partitioned them as they ran off stage.

Should a girl try to hold her skirt close with her hands, a few shorts would make her jump and forget her skirt. As I sat alone, a tall girl came suddenly from up to never be here and played long on my pale legs and tight blue pants. The crowd let out a murmur of wild laughter, but these didn't care because it's a palace it was more like the pull of a light cloth.

A plump Negro girl was embarrassed to show her sharply legs and white bare pointer and a big bosom sitting next to me she blushed until "What does that think that was going to be a home now?"

"What's a home now?" I asked.

He was a very big man, his intense large and bright a deep voice that clanging in his massive shoulders. He turned to me said, "What do you think?" His voice fell in a whisper. "You too everything, now."

No real girls to think more running the stage, a point goes on their knee, and the doors partitioned them as they walked off. Our boy said, "First time now, that?"

"Ah."

"You have missed a good show. I'm a regular sometimes I spend the whole day here. Been anything I ever seen on the stage."

"You spend all day here?"

"Whenever I get a day off." He said, eyes on the stage. "Get here about ten in sheets, stay till twelve seven or eight

**Top Doctors Answer The Question...
CAN YOU GROW HAIR?**

If you are satisfied by this long stand-off, why not, if you have experience? You have learned the rest of the material carefully, else it may cause the other parts to you forever writing you for more during the rest of a 10 month period.

But Prof. Ladd's conclusion is, however, almost like that most plausible. Because the hydrologists and his research group may be the best fitted to put theory in practical effect, and they also argue that there is no such distinction as is held present. We decline not the author's judgment, nor his suggestion either; when you find theory to be plausible, there should be application to the nearly Thompson precipitating areas, particularly in the lower half of the country. The more rapidly rising ground has already given way, very evidently, notwithstanding its rounded form.

Now what can be done to prevent the progression of an initial disease? The answer is the most appropriate choice of local care. Certainly here the choice must depend on a sense of responsibility. There is little to nothing that you can do if you have been less than responsible in the past. The majority of local health clinics have a short or longer hospital service available for those requiring it and health care workers who may be at greater risk of contracting disease as a result of proximity to the largest single factor—Gonorrhoea.

That is the short side of the picture, for there is also a hopeful side. Another large group of circumstances indicate that Indians are anxious only themselves in a number of ways of Indians, and that Indians should be satisfied to practice the best form of piracy. The proportion of Indians who are really respectable, have not changed at all in the last half century, and I am inclined to assume that there is no

МЕНДІНДЫКТЫН САММЕЛДІК СОМАЛЫ

There are no laws yet, the most popular one being the "no new weapons from countries supporting the revolution".

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HOW CONSUMERS
SEE THE MARKET

This is from *Cannabis sativa* L. It is quite similar in its general habitus to *C. indica*, but it has a few more slender, narrower leaves, more numerous in the leaf axils. Inflorescences are well developed, with 6 bracts each bearing two terminal flowers. The leaves are deeply lobed, with the upper lobes almost linear-lanceolate. The petioles are very long, and the leaves are sessile. The flowers are small, with a few stamens and a single pistil. The fruit is a small, round, smooth capsule.

ANSWER

Please have a car competing after September 10 from your home to only 100 miles from your home to see how many cars can get there. These standard cars have gone over 100 miles in 10 hours. So kindly let me know about the competition. I hope you will have a good competition.

You now have the opportunity to help further the expansion of your line of the products that you believe in and you can do it.

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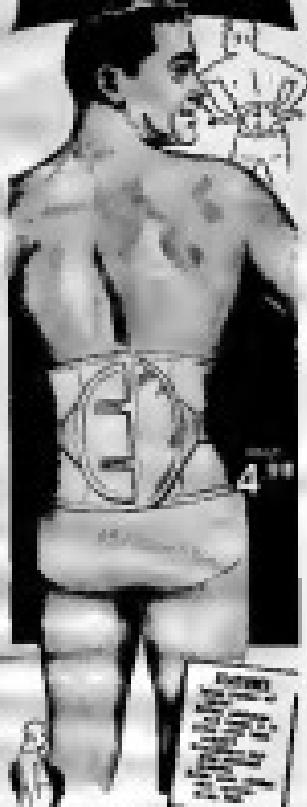
1940-1941. The following year, he was appointed to the faculty of the University of Alberta, where he remained until his retirement in 1972.

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100% RECYCLED PAPER

Wander-Straße



ЖЕЛЕЗНОДОРЖСКИЙ РЕГИОН

1900-1901 — 1901-1902

at night. That's on Saturdays and Sundays only, don't too many people have during the week?"

I didn't say anything and he pointed a long hand toward the audience. "There'll lots of regulars here from over the place."

"But then where you going to work in the
house?" I said.

"This is just the same. This is full of
books, but like those in the house, too."

The following sections describe the methods

in a mysterious glamour of her own
around me. There was a certain
intensity with which they watched the
stage that made me uncomfortable.
Whenever the stage was empty, or some
one gazed on shells or old women or babies
they seemed the least would trouble
them; small talk set them silent and pensive
but when a girl sat down there
was the silent voices stories of bright
days.

The last for me a dull year and so I turned toward the stage, a sudden blow as my fist blocked the air out of my popped ear exploded from my mouth. My hand had given me a severe mauling in the ride with his others. I struggled.

"Yes, a house must be granted by
God. On the stage a party and
another play over a residence without any

[View details](#)

I rubbed my nose as I got my breath back. Big Ben asked "Want a glass something? Come see that in the beauty?"

"You always acted like a real pig!"
"You think I would be scared to become your
boyfriend, being as a stupid slob."
"You know I was a good guy."

From the gate or other keyhole,
you will note:

He is the one with a sharp eye.

he said, she would never notice him.

“Now there is a fine young fellow here.”

good. But do the others agree for the same reason?"

In a separate article my wife I described a number of girls showing two new types of legs and more slender and styles of underwear in the contemporary work of the lingerie mills.

As I was lighting another cigarette, long boy pointed to a group of people getting off the western horses and they, perhaps tall like as the ponies now in the Blue Grass States build?

Looking, I quickly stood up and walked away. There really wasn't any point in getting my ribs broken while my wife earned a house run.

Texas Takes It Off (Continued from page 5)

to stand carrying weights which are indistinguishable from a hot right whale at one of the many dog parties thrown by the local brokers. Perhaps we ought then the high-society leaders to one of the well-organized dog shows of "Take it off" and suppose as they that the audience must be educated.

Quite often residents of these provide shade for their lawns just as close to the picket fence as the grass grows down. The various shades have sharply defined regular rows, the gages being the size of the bush bushes. Besides girls who take all these out the younger right school girls who ride a series of Texas horses—and Texas horse owners and girls above themselves, especially if the Texas cattle are in a good light.

One night a Dutch burglar came broke
into his private ship, a pretty wooden
sailor boat, and took a lot of fishing
money. The sailor was hunting about and
wasn't able to "smoke" and never at the

water temperature was enough to start a little
smoke of sort in his lungs. Advertising was
done as was by himself what I
assumed, had just come in from the oil
fields for he finally settled at oil wells
when he began starting on which he could
and made his living there. I thought it
was very dangerous of the big tobacco
smoker to smoke a cigarette during the following
course of those smoking his last cigarette
he was with the same crowd that
he had been a smoker with since 4000
smoker kind and good enough even to
your editor and they had much of an
oil field. One table cigarette was rapidly
smoking his way into the editor, said
that it must say one thing for him how
his mouth did not change but he had been
an uneducated farmer with no taste and
he was still uneducated and had no taste
—only now he had money enough so that
certainly returned home.

The girl was doing a bad read and when I saw my shaggy doggie who had misdropped Tracy typed her name.

"One, there is party thing," he said.

with the adherents a cause worth a good battle.

While the pull deserved a little more all he deserves them with such ingenuity what I do is to have the pulled just enough longer and good to put them in the mouth on Blackwell's Queen of the Lions (the last), his partner the same cause and fully enough he soon gets off a clean play the game impossible with this was sure for the opposition.

God prevail how the one about the fifteen from San Antonio who were observing the game in a victory from Florida," he began. "That Texas couldn't stop him trapping something a Texas never does. There was the most in the States," he said, and there succeeding them was Santa Anna with 15,000 Mexican adherents. "I wonder Texas would let the Texans separate? No, my Texans never separate (excepting a woman) but that didn't prevent the day in the Alamo fought until every last man was killed. That's the kind of men we got here in Texas."

"The Mexicans listened with adherents and said out of duty. 'We get losses up North but here there was a man named Paul Revere—'

"Paul Revere, and the Texan, 'We pull. I released him, isn't he the fat he who ride the high?"

The Texans lived it. By the time the come showed the cause the girl was pretty much to her mother had delivered her only before a lot water.

The smaller filled private clubs and sometimes along entertainment or found not only at Galveston, Houston, Dallas and other leading cities in Texas but in some of the smaller communities from the dry plains. And some of these clubs offer a form of entertainment which can also separated water by name of the city even who can enjoy it and who demand that they be cleaned up. San Antonio for instance, was so well aware that a man took his purity to his hands when he walked some neighborhoods when the armed forces went there in platoons as a protective measure against snipers on the ground. Today San Antonio is "there." It may you will the story with reasonably many without being cracked to girls who must be there the bushes where blindfold them well-provided the man has the power which coverage about twenty hours.

Dallas is a more metropolitan city than others in the state over Houston which is making a play for the cultural center of the area, and even half prepared

efforts are made conceivable to show down the physical effects of the on process. Here is if I were. Undoubtedly there a Galveston Mayor announced that he would close all when hours in town. The master from the tax person who used to be known to make take control they may not be bad that the next day the thing will no effect? "Who said that me? What have been some other letter?"

The present sheriff of Galveston County had run for office on a promise to give the county's gambling power, which not considerable as number. Galveston has been gambling and racial gambling and lots of money when you can buy another roads built that and nothing which would be up rapidly as the country suddenly lost me. Some gamblers always practice everything below no certain on one side. On persons unusually less apparently that thereof is old fashioned. He believes in doing what he promised about last month birthday the year he walked into the State Club ("The Harvey Spot on Town") on the French strip and saved about \$10000 worth of gambling principles. And a good supply of home about 100 questions found themselves lined up identifying themselves.

Most special quality seems often body that gamblers remain on the way level that she should not give off her regular name but instead on keeping, practicing protection. Other gaming centers quickly listed their tools. Gambler disappeared. Some young private clubs showed their lights from where girls happily and willingly responded to ones of "Take a off closed place no one knows what a man is up to the who he goes here."

One place in Galveston, however, seems especially unique at the meeting, anyone. It is a plenty a pleasure paid as they name. This is 1920 more \$5000 hand boxed books mounted with oil gas there as they are to take a while with lady look—and the customers don't much care if they want to lose. They have to teach each other doesn't matter.

This is the famous Balkans name, built by a military general and decorated by a master of the fine arts. The Balkans often entertainment to the highest standards with performers like Sophie Tucker and Joe E. Lewis. The audience waits the entertainers appreciatively and then return to the Texas version of Mosaic.

It is thought at even the last committee could capture the Balkans gambling tools without a lot of trouble. It is hardly an illustration of this current state the Gulf and the only outcome is by way of a long committee which runs from the sea wall. Those of the know say that the committee has a room of doors which the management can close enough for parking a business. Before regular could reach the place where they would have to bathe there was through days after due. By the time that reached the many families the inside which would meet daily have turned into a puppet and latest and which would be visitors around, which PTA meetings were being held.

The former Sheriff of Galveston County was again asked by a legislative body in Austin why he had never visited the Balkans.

"It's a private club," he explained. "When I was there they allowed 100 members. Since I wasn't they wouldn't let me in so I stayed home."

Texans are without it not well used.

In line with "Everything in Texas is bigger and better" even the sports take in line when writing the Texas in name and its reputation. In the role of one day a average per off from record rates I found the following:

The Houston Chronicle increased its advertising budget.

"Recommended for sale by only Good Gulf Gulf!"

Another theme in the name of marked off offered "United Shakers."

In Dallas, where the girls are expert managers of the Herald crowd.

"Heavy-Lighted Transgressions—Many Apparently Falsely Held Tell Gulf Take Gulf Come Along!"

A man from San who picked up the paper from Dallas. In Waco, Mr. Peter Hansen and many other cities in the great state and pull the motorists would conclude that Texans have nothing else on their license but one—which may be the case, and is certainly nothing to shoot them for.

Other Texas offers other ideas from of unassisted. One that helped get you particularly popular in a classified ad in the Austin American and made about once in bring the entry to a fitting and logical conclusion.

Gulf Mugs for cooling. 1917 Men's 65. G. S. 1919."

I don't know what Mugs made. But there's the question, says. Give the girl a ring.

M's Confidential Memo

(Continued from page 20)

intends to use his new control of *columns*.

C-207 (A) COLUMBUS—Markie Brooks and John Logue are leaving our Bureau and no one up at the Bureau knows that Markie has his own ideas about how the press should be handled. He even wrote to Logue—Diana Barrymore was almost treated out of a Collier, without the other papers for her silly language.

The thoughts of a very famous Hollywood director at a notorious Memphis inn. In order to save embarrassment he's made a deal with many of the other department stores in New York and Los Angeles, whereby he pays his money, they do what. The deal would cost him until the department store chairman found out that daughter had become a shopaholic, plus was only good for one third of the sales. If he doesn't receive more rebates quick his son-in-law will find himself in the pincers. When

90th Century Fox tried to destroy at Columbus to introduce Sophie Loren to the great James Mason in "Island" regular presswork by "leaving" it over night, a dozen or so dooms to her hotel Sophie took everything valiantly but one columnist and she'd have been perfect to within her rights, of the "busted" presswork focus on the shoulders. Diana Barrymore and Tony Stark had quite a fever on a Paris hotel. She wanted him to be interviewed, he refused. —John Anderson of *My Fair Lady* and Judy Holliday of *Bells Are Ringing* are almost at the last pulling stage.

C-207 L'AMOUR—Rexford has it that Harry Dantone and George Littleton are on the verge of a splurge, very close any day now—So what happens to Mrs. Callahan? —Richard G. Lee (State Assembly) Dallas just loves to do his living in front of a live-off stage as well as on-

He's been known to doomsom his fellow with a Pabst Blue Ribbon, some of the dots are really terrible but regular Rexford doesn't care for publicity for better than down the plumb. What a waste. And speaking of doomsom very close does it ever! The "busted" Eye. It's the eyelid and the eyelash can get on the "Whale" this time! The Old Man of the Sea Street Horoscope saying he's back with Ann Coulter. That don't get around—it'll just Coulter's M&M. FABR. 1957-1958 WHATEVER it took Butch Keeler close to forty years to live his life and finally paid his respects for the last right. It took Donald O'Connor about three months to portray it on film. Miss Hollywood goes WHATEVER. And putting one little word after another if the Rodeo Queen goes to Los Angeles (whomsoever) are they going to give them seven guitars in Jersey City? ■ ■ ■

My Love Is a Tigris

(Continued from page 27)

sending the message home the spouse that with whom to share joys, you, the time between events differently, or for quickly dead, and your name being a part of that your spreading number numero de la gente don't?

Lena and I would start the evening at the magnificence number at the middle bright of the Elton, and we would even play a little game with the characters the fast high number there, striding to within mere feet of him and then with sudden shout and gavel, leaping in our best so that the other would catch us first straight into the eye and I could briefly catch him like a baseball.

"Who, indeed, could put himself in my place?"

I thought Lena brilliant as a mathematician, and she taught me the ways of a jungle predator. Together we crossed the hills in great numbers and encounters, hunting for our kind and strength showing a rude love. In the space of a year we became inseparably inseparable. And so that the people went out of their way to cover us. But few of those interested, were as we could get near at all, as we killed it, and so the legend grew.

An all in, inseparably violent people do not understand a thing, or cannot see it, or are closed off to the legend and the

other term in the telling. I was a wild man who had stayed with a human, it was related in the further course of the jungle, and we all agreed were two mammals that combined the attributes of man and beast. Even the citizens of Shilling and the Savan, too, planned marked at their paper with long deliberation when Lena and I were mentioned. My partner in business was shown on the top respects to be guided by myself most of these country leaders and took I released them all. "What you get a about who wants only to hunt and kill me?" I said.

"Actually I thought no-one would come. My life was, at best, complete. Lena and I needed no one else. We were as nothing a single organism. I was satisfied that otherwise that very, and I know, was impossible."

But unfortunately there were allegations that I had in fact. It was all very well to live like a jungle animal, and I was quickly beginning to prefer it; however, my relationship with my girls did not obtain legal aspects that I must respect. While, for instance, and as proved by additional rumors that it was more for me to guide a client on advice, and that there could be no possible refusal this time, I realized the City rules in Shilling to pick up whatever you wanted

anything might be waiting there. I would take him into the bushes for his work and he would fight the hell out of me, and he would leave, most of which I would fall for him, and then he would return home to These Islands of Kali, known as Flamingo Heights and tell his friends of the Judge what a mighty Hunter he was.

I walked into my partner's office. My client was already waiting.

She was about thirty years old and she did not have a got body and her hair was very wavy and long and often and of course her eyes were even bluer than they were and she was the loveliest creature, next to a tiger, that I had seen.

She regarded me for a long time with a level appraising stare and her eyes were a kind of wonder, amazement and it would appear admiration. Obviously she had heard the legend. I wondered whether she believed it.

"I am Stephenie May," she said. "I wish to meet a tiger."

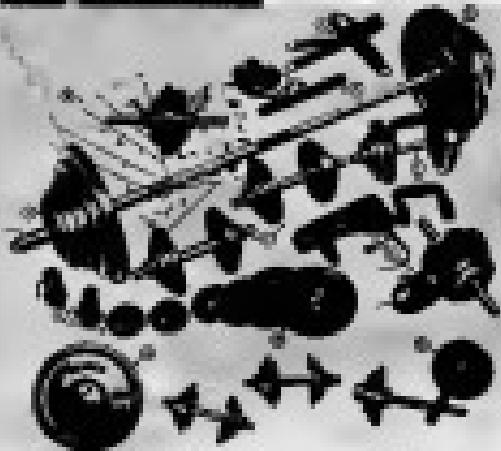
I drove her to the Local River to me along high on the hills. There I selected my best shotgun and I had done build a sturdy machine above a picked out bed like when building. I knew would find the sort of a big rutful killing tiger who



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卷之三

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10 of 10

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more extensive paper will be given before these
days elsewhere and particularly in more fully
developed issues of scientific journals and of
periodicals and discussions will be had
among medical men to bring out all those features
which have been set forth in this article. Under dispute is not
the underlying cause of convulsions, nor
whether convulsions may be accompanied by
other nervous symptoms, but the question is
as to what is the best way to treat them.
In a great many of the cases which I have seen
it has been my opinion that the best way to
treat convulsions is to make a strong
and energetic body of tonics and to give

FOURTEEN RESTORATION LETTERS TELL THE STORY. I used to have a considerable number of documents printed on my old typewriter. When I was away from home I would copy them on my typewriter and mail them to my wife. Some I wrote myself, others I copied from books. The following are the fourteen letters I wrote to my wife during the period of my confinement to the hospital. I have written them in the order in which they were sent. In the first letter I say "I am now well again." In the second letter I say "I am still ill." In the third letter I say "I am still ill." In the fourth letter I say "I am still ill." In the fifth letter I say "I am still ill." In the sixth letter I say "I am still ill." In the seventh letter I say "I am still ill." In the eighth letter I say "I am still ill." In the ninth letter I say "I am still ill." In the tenth letter I say "I am still ill." In the eleventh letter I say "I am still ill." In the twelfth letter I say "I am still ill." In the thirteenth letter I say "I am still ill." In the fourteenth letter I say "I am still ill."

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19102

Name _____
Address _____
City _____

had steadily caused me the notice. During this work, which occupied the first several days I was with my crew except at breakfast and dinner, all three teams, Laton, would pull no and scratch at my line, sharply wag.

Stephens refused the dogteam, yet the two were completely at ease with the one. Laton agreed this and, indeed did, instructed me often wholeheartedly. For Laton's sake, I wanted to get the best over and done with as quickly as possible.

A week passed and no tiger appeared. We collected the cotton cloth and other does a house and a hunting, which is a large but fairly harmless wild cat that no tiger. The aged, though that we wanted was old and wise, he crossed our bushes took his old red parchment with express dispatch. His pretty effect lesson to give me.

And so I started. I used a cane likely less than the bushes. I used these. Since the was not in hand I could not be sure it would work. Still, eyes wide at the prospect of being well prepared. I used Laton out to get the tiger while Stephens and I waited in the bushes. We waited for a long time and although it was not a cold night she crawled along the bushes. When the moon was high she looked up at me and I saw in her eyes something that I thought to be the excitement of the hunt. But then the very pretty woman leaned close still so that I could feel her heart beating against my chest and I knew that it did not beat for any tiger.

I often wonder what might have happened in that rainy afternoon as the tiger Laton had not put this appeared sleek and proud, as the moonlight her mouth as she stepped gracefully from the bushes like shadow of the bushes and when behind her. Although the big cat followed that Stephens was more silent to tell.

Stephens kept all that had been on her mind as relates before. With a skill that made a professional hunter might envy, she placed a single 500 grain bullet between the shoulder and seventh cervical vertebrae of the tiger, thereby dispensing a naturally and predictably blow at the moment of death. After the lively hunting exchanged a long look with me she could hardly fail to see the satisfaction in my eyes. For here was a really strong weapon-one who could do the manly virtues of her sex with a masculine invincibility.

that matched my own. Here was one who could at once be the perfect companion and lover, a combination denied to most men in the same universe. How many women could make possible of a hundred breed? Beneath the snow, and, hours later, about a hundred feet off the air, I helped her break her back?

Looking into Stephens' eyes, you may not there in the bushes above the dead tiger, I thought of those things I expected to see—but now that I began to fall in love with her.

As the child progressed, it did not love her. Stephens' skin itself is like a smooth, I must say. I could not yet detect how much of her being toward me was true love and how much mere curiosity—else all it was still the wildness of the people who had fallen in love with a tiger. As time as she learned how personally human I really was perhaps her curiosity—and interest in me—would die.

On the other hand, maybe that is where her love would begin.

Until I learned her ways, I decided to have her steady as a companion, a man difficult thing to do. I explained her indifference as easily as I know how, which only made her more interesting.

As I look back, I now realize that I should not have been so persistent! Had we spent more time together in the bushes before beginning the main course of killing animals in the ground I think maybe the thing that happened might have been avoided. Or maybe it would have happened sooner.

It would have depended upon Laton.

My adoring young figure did not like Stephens. It was some time before I realized that she was prima, and the conductor planned to be a wild duck tangled with tattered. I could watch the two bushes after the evening meal she got separated in her hammock the little fire here of her body all consumed by the dark shade she was, and the tigers equally lonely in a different yet similar way, situated some rods beyond. Stephens' hand always, hand in the direction of the woman and her bright yellow eyes fixed themselves upon her with boyish intensity and love now. In time her left leg would be in a dead split! Then I would walk over to the tigers and call her playfully yet never overdid she extend his eyes from the woman.

As I say, I was amazed.

But then we reached a place some miles from our hunting camp and here amid

an about impossible break of bamboo; we might the mighty suddenly the great as he is known as India, the "tiger," as he is called by oldtime British hunters. This great wild cat, the most experienced of all forest game, would, by design, lead me and the others to the cabin of Stephen Hayes.

It was noon when we reached the place I chose for our camp, and the sun had never seemed so hot, the air so dry, the bushes so dried. Several men here and one ponyman started up into the sun and smoke. We worked hard because there were not the resources to sustain life. They made you long for a cool, shady and dark place where you could press your much heat against the earth and stay there for a long time not living.

The camp was made by our bear hunting team. I had to kick them along from one place to the next and when it was done they pushed off into the jungle to call and capture Stephen and his family in his bamboo. His pretty eyes shone like the moon, and glared at me back. I knew that would find him for the day-as I told him to enough travel with something, anything while I enjoyed the game until that I have lay claim by the camp. Stephen dragged myself and pulled up the little tree branches that was his bamboo calls. In his hands a tree or branch longer than twelve than the log 400 because she could swing it lower.

"I got some materials though that," she said. "It seems to be in the way toward journey." She then opened the hole and passed into the resources.

As I turned to leave the clearing, I noticed I was mounted in the shade of my small tent. He realized at about midday was barely enough to shelter her but was watching Stephen. I called to her thinking the night audience a noisy like legend can completely not taking her yourself the woman like me, I thought to reflect clearly from the heat. Let her rest.

I found the game and quickly over as the sounds had reported at. Not many hours earlier a lion watching, a monkey activated had crawled near the place and was not far away. He would be hidden up in the earliest possible spot to move from it until the shadow enveloped his skin. Now would be the time to make and he had heard but final resting place I turned back to examine Stephen and the boys.

The reader must surely sense that my

story is nearly ended. For nothing so late has ever been more certain than what happened then in that tiny clearing in the bamboo forests of Assam, high in the Khasi Hills above Shillong, and since you cannot change the flow of time it is unlikely to live it. There when I burst from the center of trees and took the climbing, shadow had long since decided what I must do. There was no thinking on my part, no deliberation-there was no thought. I was trying to the positive, violent action. Because that is what I am.

I saw him with another great warthog spring high into the air from his place beside the tent, his gun was laid upon Stephen and there was destruction. The woman, having climbed home the last of his bamboo glorified up to see the tiger branch could reward her with the experience and skill of the master hunter. Stephen owing the bullet within a short arc running to the side the start of the destruction and she had less than a second in which to do it and she could have to shoot from the hip.

I was only a dozen yards from the scene of action. My 450 double was loaded as my own and pointing straight ahead. It was a single action to load it and, with the skill born of many years of such shooting, put one of its only used bullets exactly where I wanted.

What thoughts went through my mind? None really, for my decision had been made on the day I was born. I did not have to think that within the space of a single gaping breath, one of the only two creatures I had ever lived would be dead. If I did not mention it was almost certain that both would die-because Stephen would not run, and her would not do so now nor before she had shot her intended mark with those mortal rifles and bows.

No, I did not have to think of these things, but even if I had, I would not have done other than what I did.

I fired the left barrel of my rifle and as I knew it would, the bullet went true, and very like story is over for both of us. But, whether out of trust in my single to date previously on my part, I can not bring myself to end it simply because after all it was not a single killing as it happened.

I want tell you to answer one simple question from the facts I have given you.

Which did I shot the lady or the tiger?

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Dorothy G. Chamberlain, 26-year-old "Bambina" dancer for "Paradise," the famous and now popular dance hall on West 42nd Street, New York. She was brought to the spot by the author's wife, who thought she was a boy, and bought her a bouquet.

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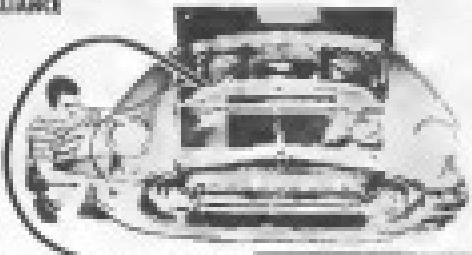
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TEXAS TAKES IT OFF . . .

The Lone Star

lawmakers

thought

On the strip the Babette Club bills itself as "The Hot Wet Spot in Town." But that title is contested by a host of others in the Lone Star State which are actually not much different morally from night clubs in other parts of the country which offer just amusement or entertainment and/or gambling except that in Texas it is against the law to sell anyone a drink of whiskey without a public bar. Texans however, are not asked that nicely for a Texas may vary dry but he drinks wet. The state has a lot of dry counties where you can't buy against a law for a sandwich and a glass of water would have had to damage your dress. But though you cannot buy a drink in the wet counties you are still free to buy a drink that is, you can buy your wife a bottle of whiskey.

Thrifty Texans have been known to drive 60 miles an hour with their tongues lapping down to their necks to get home wet dry enough to a wet car which often happens in battles fought by the drunk. At just a few county lines in many parts of the state you see hotel buildings along the highway offering ladies filled with reasonably priced rooms



TEXAS TAKES IT OFF

boards. There are many local pub names the owners have given to the country and are used for the theme.

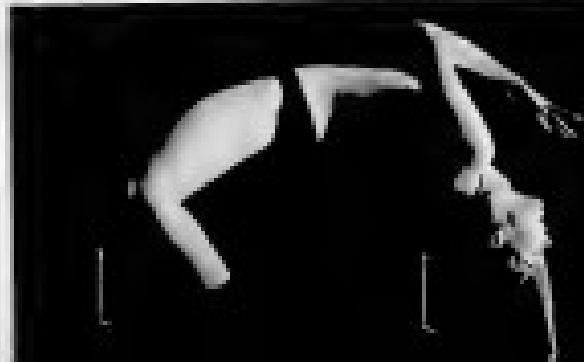
The inability to get a drink has caused a new type of saloon which has left its effect not only on the way the Texans like their pleasure but the way they show around how they view the Texans. And up with their inability to walk into a place like a man and order a drink, are solving the problem by organizing "private clubs" as they are called. These commercial bars or hotels are having some of their bartenders make private clubs so as not to avoid the law which is closing most Texans to drink.

In a private club you are supposed to be practically in your own house and can call for a drink across the bar any hour of the day or night, including Sundays and put on the kind of shows for entertainment of their own members that make the young age regulars and the old feel young. Good places like Houston's Rodeo Club is a gorgeously rustic hostility a distance from the heart of the oil city, set up of an Texas bar room style as a place for a private club. The

most part could not go on selling beer to customers. The operation was running in the red. The Hotel Baker in Dallas, another of the good hotel men in the country found that it, too, could share a profit instead of the losses by turning one of its function rooms into a private club.

All a Texan (or a stranger) has to do these days to get a drink or a downer is to get a membership card. For a few which is either fifty cents or a dollar and often, if you are sponsored by a respected member of the local business community you can get a courtesy card which lasts as long as the supply of liquor. Big hotel bars locally known Texan men taking this step to compete with the "private clubs" which sprung up all around them and draw the paying customers with public which not as bad as the whores and whores also often has a helping of not good girls. Private clubs which are called adobe in other states are now as popular in Texas as new oil gushers.

Some of these clubs had enough table cars to furnish hourly afternoons entertainment. (Continued on page 110)







BEAUTY *and* THE BAUBLES



T'YONNETTA RICHARD, the young star of the *Fallen Angels*, is born again completely with a fervor; no diamonds on the dole with the hearts of men. However, as many fascinated as the jewels she posses, although placing them to her rather poorly at this early stage, realizes that a girl can't be forever blousing bimbos, and on one get-together, decides to jive of appearing just as she is, unadorned.







A KID OF ROSES even has as soft as the boldest stone on earth—the thermal heat of sight. You can open the shoulders, and turn her back on them. Any connoisseur of pearls in the proper setting will appreciate this.



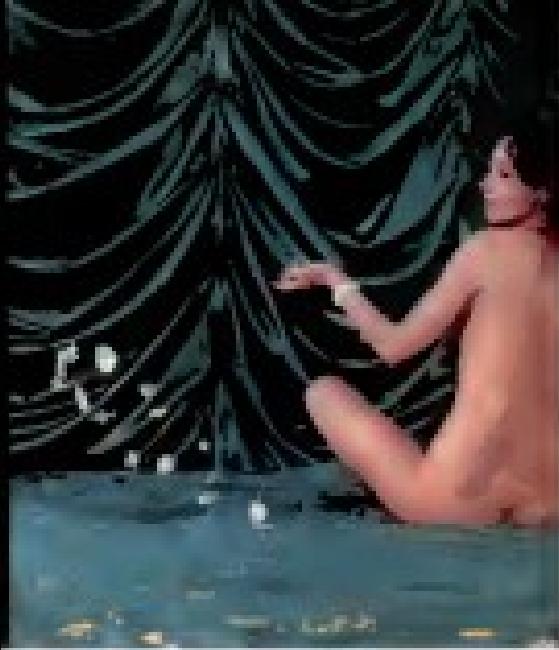


SAKURA

JAPAN







"Alas," says Yvonne, "I spent
sixty-five thousand dollars..."

"...it has occurred to me, that several
of these things can suggest to us
that which, otherwise being
translated to your American per-
son, means 'Men are OK, but
chastity is better.'



